

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY;
OR
Magazine of Polite Literature.

Vol. I.] DECEMBER, 1803. [No. II.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES.	
To Correspondents - - - Page	50
Remarks on the Fine Arts - - -	51
Arguments against abolishing Duelling - - - - -	52
Strictures on the Literary Exhibitions of the Students in Harvard College - - - - -	57
Scraps from a Correspondent -	59
Biographical Sketch of William Gifford, Esq. - - - - -	63
Influence of Imitative Tones and Representations - - - - -	70
Memoirs of William Collins, with Observations on his Genius and	
Writings - - - - -	73
Poety influenced by Christian Virtue - - - - -	80
POETRY.	
Winter Night - - - - -	81
Verfes inscribed to a Friend - -	83
Verfes to a Young Divine - - -	84
Gilimer - - - - -	86
Copy of Verfes - - - - -	88
REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.	
Broad Grins - - - - -	89
Elements of General Knowledge	91
MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES - -	93

EDITED BY SYLVANUS PER-SE.

BOSTON :
PRINTED AND SOLD BY E. LINCOLN, WATER-STREET.
1803.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

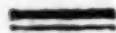
The Elegy by W. which was promised in our last, we have lately seen in a country newspaper. When we can select nothing better, we may probably give it a new edition.

Several poetical pieces have arrived, and shall receive due attention.

We have obtained no addition to Mariano's former communication; and we think proper to delay its publication, till the article shall be enlarged.

Canute's "Essay on the pride of Kings," is merely a chaos of words.

Jack Seemly's "Virago," we think, is a very unseemly composition.



ERRATA IN OUR LAST.

Page 8, line 4, from the bottom; for "in whose fulness;" read, "in comparison of whose fulness." Page 9, line 10, for "God," read "gods." Page 22, line 6, from the bottom; erase the period, and unite the two sentences into one.

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,
FOR
DECEMBER, 1803.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

REMARKS ON THE FINE ARTS.

" Such various blifs the well-tun'd heart enjoys,
Favour'd of heaven ! while plung'd in fordid cares,
The unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine :
And harsh austerity, from whose rebuke
Young love and smiling wonder shrink away
Abash'd and chill of heart, with sager frowns
Condemns the fair enchantment."

THE Fine Arts, in America, have not made a very rapid progress, nor is their establishment very broad in any particular State. We do not mention this as a matter of surprise, notwithstanding it is our ardent desire to promote their progress among us, as it cannot be expected that the same correct taste should prevail here, as in the elder societies of the world, where popular refinement is the result of luxury, and luxury is the offspring of extreme wealth and old habits.

That the natives of America have a strong genius, when they think it is necessary to call it forth, is exemplified in many instances, but particularly in those of West, Stuart, Copeley and Trumbull, who are all painters of high and deserved fame. Mr. West is the existing President of the Royal Academy of London, where he has given many proofs of the strength of his imagination and the soundness of his judgment. The writer of this (who is a Briton) has had the honour of knowing Mr. West intimately, and has frequently conversed with him upon the best means of introducing the love of painting in general, and historical painting in particular, into this country.

Mr. Stuart, who was the pupil of Mr. West, is now residing among us, in the State of Pennsylvania. When this gentleman left Great-Britain, it was considered as a public loss, as his excellence in taking a likeness was beyond comparison. The principal work he has done here, was the whole length portrait of General Washington, a copy of which was sent to the Marquis of Lansdowne, and is very much admired by all the connoisseurs of Europe, who have seen it. It has been remarked, as the striking excellence of Mr. Stuart, that he paints portraits in a more determined and unsophisticated manner, than any of the more prominent artists now existing in London or Paris; he has more decision in his manner, than either the late Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir William Beechey, Mr. Hoppner, or Mr. Shee; and he seems to have copied the excellencies of Vandyke with more accuracy, than any other painter of modern times. It is to be lamented, that a greater promptitude to the promotion of the Fine Arts has not been shown by his countrymen, in a due encouragement of so great a man in this his native land.

Some spirited persons in the city of New-York have generously entered into a subscription to form a school of design for the purpose of affording a place of study to those young gentlemen, who may wish to copy the best imitations of the antique; and we fervently hope, that this noble example may be speedily followed in the other States of the Union.

(To be continued.)

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

Arguments against abolishing Duelling.

TO MR. HECTOR MOWBRAY.

MY DEAR HECTOR,

I AM highly gratified with your intention of continuing among us the honourable practice of duelling, under whatever modifications prudence may suggest. To abolish it would be attended with almost incalculable evils. I can conceive of many, which every man of sense will readily admit, and to

which men of reflection will add others. I hope you will join me in opinion, and endeavour to avert the mischief by procuring the publication of the loose hints I have subjoined.

One strong objection, in my mind, to the abolition of the practice of duelling, is that it favours too much of innovation. I acknowledge with every rational man, that the innovations of the present age have generally been favourable to the rights of man; that the *Altar* had become a *Bastile*, and the *Bible*, but a text book of spiritual tyrants, were reasons sufficient to overturn the one, and to burn the other. But when we have arrived to our *natural* state of perfection, why urge we experiments, which it is demonstrable, will terminate in the chaos, from which we have just escaped. This is making society the rock of Sisyphus, and tumbling it from the height, to which the wits have raised it. Our good, pious folks have been raging through their lives at innovation; and why should they now put the joke on us? When duelling is all the vogue, when challenges at Congress are as common as Messages, and even our *Great Man* would support it, (could he fight by proxy,) why should we tamely resign this privilege of men of honour sooner than the king would abandon the prerogative of making war and peace?

One great evil, which would immediately result from the abolition of duelling, would be the licentiousness of slander. The mere sports of levity would at once be attacked with the satire of Juvenal, and the bulls of our puritanic Popes. Gaming would be called the swindling of polite life, the petty intrigues and revels of our young men would be damned, as the accursed effervescence of unregenerate minds, and our Courts of Justice would be converted into inquisitions upon lewdness. I am ready to allow there is, at present, but little of hypocritical sanctity in conversation; but if it were unrestrained by the fear of men of spirit, it would run out into a libel upon good manners. I am as willing to agree, that there is but little purity of life among us; but there are still anchorets enough to preach as Nathan did to David, if we give any indulgence to the cant and snivellings of our good kind of folks. The consequence would be such a restriction of conduct, as would destroy self-government. The dull reign of presbyterian sourness would be

restored, and the doors of our play-houses, taverns, and brothels, would be closed and sealed as the hatchways of the devil.

Another argument, which ought to be urged to the sober part of mankind, is the excess, to which our revels and amours might impel us, were we free from this salutary restraint. At this day, in the wildest orgies of our Bacchanals, decency, (I do not mean in the relation of intrigues, &c. &c. but towards each other,) gives an air of gentility to the liberality of indulgence. "Mr. A." and "Mr. B." and "I beg your pardon," and "your humble servant, Sir," and all the nameless congees of politeness evidence the prevalence of some good principle among us. Though the vulgar may impute it to cowardice, and sneer at his native decency, who is the echo of all the blasphemy and obscenity of the town, we know it springs from a regard to the rigid rules of honour. In our amours too, it produces a regard to the respective claims of parties, and operates as a succedaneum to the principle of justice. Not a favourite of our *Creole Jezebel* but will acknowledge the truth of this assertion, and who has not tested its influence by a relative propriety of demeanor.

The disadvantage, under which we should faint in our intercourse with the world, and in defence of our rights, is another weighty objection against this measure. By our habits of life we are too much emaciated to bear a game at fifty-cuffs with the brawny deacons of the age. The good fellow, who has brimmed his glass till morn, and sleeps till noon, is no match for one of our early risers, fed on Spartan *black* broth. Hence without the resource of duelling, we must abandon our importance, or our revels; and perhaps even in sober life, we should be compelled to yield to the doctrine of passive obedience, and sweat in the crowd of the canaille, like Falstaff in a buckbasket.

Nor is the loss of entertainment, which would accrue, a trifling reason against the abolition of this heroic custom. Why do we run over the obituary with as much ardour, as an old maid over marriage-lists, but to learn the fate of some true sportsmen? How often have we chalked out, on our reeling board, the true distance, and stationed the combatants, and fought their battles over again, as deeply interested, as the antiquarian, who

runs to Asia to define the walls of Troy, or the Grecian camp ; or as uncle Toby, when he raised his ramparts, while Trim fought his campaigns. Our society will also lose all its charms, when an affair of honour is wanting for a subject ; as it is no shame to confess our dulness on topics of morality, which we have left to our parsons ; or of science, which we have consigned to the pedants. The clubroom itself would become as solemn, as a christening ; and we might exclaim with Burke, in sober sadness, “ alas ! the age of chivalry is gone ! ”

Besides the pleasure of talking, we should also lose the dearer pleasure of being talked of by this barbarous innovation. What is more elating, than to be pointed at, like Georgian Jackson, as a *dreadnought* ? The girls prefer a man of spirit to a milkop, and are charmed, like Desdemona, at the recital of hair-breadth escapes from shot and sword. But we then must exclaim, “ Othello’s occupation is gone ; ” and for the heroism of the Captain, we must substitute the frippery of Fribble, as our stars destine us to be fools, or fops.

I can here urge an objection, which will be repeated by many, that the abolition of duelling would deprive me of half of the fruits of my education. I have practised the art of shooting, till I can split my bullet on a razor ; and have studied the philosophy of colours so much, as to know that BLACK is the safest dress to be shot at. My whole knowledge of the tactics of a gentleman would lie on hand, like the lumber of German divinity, and its display prove as ridiculous, as the helmet of Don Quixotte. It would leave me as poor a bankrupt in the world, as Robinson Crusoe with his gold, on the desert island. Who then can suppose, that we shall patiently submit to a revolution, which not only takes away our patent of nobility, but our whole intellectual domains, and leaves us, like a hero in a tower, with only the fullen remembrance of former greatness ?

I say nothing of the horrid chasm the abolishing of duels would make in our theatrical entertainments ; of the pride and pleasure resulting from the tender anxiety of our friends, lest we should commit some act of rashness ; of the amusement we

should lose in the stupid silence of our preachers, or the injury they would suffer from the want of a favourite theme. When these, and other consequences, that might follow, are considered, it appears to me one of the boldest experiments of the age. Prophecy cannot ken the extent of its evil; and it forebodes, to the eye of fancy, more than *Sidrophel* foresaw in the Lantern of the Kite.

With these ideas, I rejoiced, when I saw your genius engaged in maturing some plan for the support and continuance of a custom, venerable by antiquity, and honourable by descent. Your *projet* however favours a little too much of harmless sport. I propose the following amendment, which I think will not excite much ferment in the public mind, and which was suggested by the rules of war, established by Messrs. Swartout and Clinton; and that is, that no gentleman shall take aim above his antagonist's knees; and then, only at the *calf*—of the leg. I am thus particular, lest some quibbling punster might consider the last clause as contradictory to the first, and including the whole body.—Under this restriction the parties may fire, and we shall then have the voice, as well as face of war. Besides, from the delicacy of our frames, this exposes us but to little danger, and even should an amputation, or a hitch in the gait be the consequence, it would ticket us to fame. This expedient has another recommendation, as it has been often resorted to; and in our *Oxford Campaign* one of my brother officers cheerfully lost a great toe to gain the title of a bravo.

With gratitude for your past services, and a hope of pardon for my presumption, I remain your humble servant,

HUGH TREVOR.

P.S. Another prudential consideration fully maintains the propriety of continuing the practice of duelling, even to the extent of fashion, which is, that by this mean many of those, who are too much engaged in amusements for enterprise, or industry, will thus be honourably provided for, before they are a great burden to friends, or become a town charge. H.T.

*Strictures on the Literary Exhibitions of the Students
in Harvard College.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

SIR,

HAPPENING not long since to attend an Exhibition at Harvard University, I was highly gratified with the ingenious, correct, and manly performances of several students. Their elocution was appropriate and graceful, considering they have there no established Professor of Oratory. Their compositions were, for the most part, neat and elegant, neither overloaded with ornament, nor deficient in imagination. They greatly exceeded the style of writing in any other American college, with which I am acquainted. In most other places it is usual to abound in figurative language, and in attempts at wit. Here there were no unnatural efforts after the latter; and the former was managed with accuracy and taste. The writers appeared to consider imagery as the ornament, and not the essence of composition. Indeed from the specimens exhibited, I was not unwilling to acknowledge, that this University bears the first rank in respectability, as well as age, among her sister seminaries in this country.

But I cannot forbear to remark, that there was one trait in the performances, which excited disgust. The orator and poet seemed to conspire, which should most ingeniously ridicule the want of genius. As far as such language is calculated to expose the neglect or abuse of talents, it cannot be justly condemned. But, when it equally tends to pour contempt on those, who are industrious, though unsuccessful in their literary pursuits, it argues both consummate pride, and unfeeling cruelty. It is proud; because the speaker implicitly glories in his own conscious superiority. It is cruel; because he wantonly sports with the feelings of those, whom he esteems his inferiors.

But what appeared to me the most exceptionable was, the contracted notions they entertained of genius. They would allow none to possess it, who had not precisely the same taste with themselves. Hence let a student make ever so great proficiency

in mathematical or metaphysical sciences, if he be not passionately fond of the belles-lettres, if he have not the talent of writing fine orations and pretty poems, it seemed a fair inference from their remarks, that he must be destitute of genius.

This led me to inquire into the true meaning of the term. Examining Johnson's dictionary I found one of its significations to be, "a man endowed with superior faculties." According to Dr. Blair, "it signifies that talent or aptitude, which we receive from nature, in order to excel in any one thing whatever." As an illustration he proceeds to remark, "a man is said to have a genius for *mathematics* as well, as a genius for *poetry*." I should, therefore, be glad to know, by what right these young gentlemen are such literary monopolists. Do they hope, by undervaluing other sciences, to raise the reputation of their own? Or do they rather act upon the principle of the crafty animal in the fable, who affected to despise what he could not attain?

I should not have made these remarks, had I not reason to believe that these performers are neither the first nor the last, who have delivered similar sentiments. A friend of mine, who is in the habit of attending exhibitions, informs me, that it has for several years been fashionable to decry almost every species of genius; and that an oration or poem, in every other respect excellent, let the subject be what it may, is esteemed dry, if not seasoned with invectives against the admirers of Newton and of Locke.

It may be alleged, that these are the mere hyperbolical effusions of youthful imagination, and are intended only to assert the vast superiority of the belles-lettres to the other sciences. But this presents a topic too contested to justify such unequivocal and dogmatical assertions. It may not require great logical talents to show, that the learned world is more indebted for utility, if not for enjoyment, to mathematicians and metaphysicians, than to orators and poets. However this subject may be decided, it is surely opposed to every just definition of genius, to limit it to a few in the large circle of arts and sciences. Who will presume to deny, that Sir Isaac Newton possessed this faculty to an eminent degree? yet we may readily conceive his awkwardness at a popular harangue. Or who will not allow to the celebrated Mr. Locke, a distinguished genius in metaphy-

sics? yet he is said to have preferred the dull and barbarous rhymes of Sir Richard Blackmore, to the productions of any other poet.

PHILO-MATHESIS.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

SCRAPS FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

DURING the "Age of Glory," the reigning trait in the Athenians was modesty. No man thrust himself into public notice. Praises were sparingly bestowed, and seldom confined to individuals. The whole army shared with the General in the glory of victory. In all these respects, modern times differ from the ancient. Is this difference a consequence of our virtues or our vices? When applause is lavished on individuals, have we not reason to fear that the greatest part of the community are much their inferiors? We do not celebrate as extraordinary, a man who is but little exalted above his fellows. Every soldier in the Athenian army was a Miltiades; and hence they rejected that General's exclusive claim to a crown of laurel. Athenian degeneracy had commenced, when they gave to Aristides the surname of "the Just." This title was a confession that the virtue which they celebrated was becoming rare.

THE ancients heaped flowers on dead bodies, but only gave a wreath of laurel to the living hero. Let us observe this rule in writing. Great thoughts like great men need only simple dress; but let us cover the corpse of dulness with all the flowers of rhetoric.

IN ancient times Parnassus was considered as hard of ascent, and its top appeared almost inaccessible. But in modern times we seem to have made a beaten cartway over it, and who is so dull as not to travel it without difficulty or danger? Helicon was represented as a scanty fountain, and happy was the poet who could get an inspiring draught. But now it has swelled

into a river, and every plough-boy, in the field of science, waters his horses at the stream. Ancient poets sung of a secret influence from the muses, which purged their mental vision, and discovered scenes, fairer than Tempe to their view. But inspiration now descends in the form of a fog, and the beclouded fancy, which paints a monster, while it talks of sketching nature, is admired for the boldness and *wildness* of its conceptions.

THE *moral sublime* is the most essentially and universally sublime of all the species of sublimity. To a being who can comprehend heaven and earth at a glance, in whose eye Olympus is nothing more than a mole-hill, and who looks on the moon as we do on a tennis-ball, that celebrated passage of Homer, where he represents Jove as shaking Olympus, and that of Milton, in which the shield of Satan is compared to the full-orbed moon, must appear trifling and puerile. This species of sublimity is adapted to beings possessed of physical powers, as narrow and confined as our own. But moral sublimity is founded on the distinctions which exist between moral good and moral evil, distinctions, as eternal, immutable and important as the Deity himself, which must approve themselves to every intellectual nature, and will impress in proportion to the rank of the being, by whom they are contemplated. What is here observed of composition may be applied to character. When the might of the hero will be despised or forgotten, the goodness of the faint will find its reward in the love and esteem of the highest orders of the moral creation.

GREATNESS of mind discovers itself by the simplicity of its means for effecting important ends. It never labours ; for it is familiar with great operations. Hence it is never elated with the effects it produces. In the great mind great works excite no admiration. To the animalcule, a leaf is a world, and he who removes a particle is a giant. We never boast, unless we accomplish something, which appears disproportioned to our strength. But the great wield without sensible exertion those mighty schemes, under which the feeble toil and struggle. Greatness and vanity are therefore inconsistent. The great im-

prove the height on which they stand to enlarge the sphere of vision. In proportion to their greatness they discover their ignorance. Thus humility is inseparable from greatness. A vain man is a little one. One particle of real greatness would correct his vanity.

THE lover of nature sympathizes with every object around him. He mounts on the wings of the lark. He cowers with the raven. He glides along with the clouds, and shares the gloom of every forest.

THE Christian possesses a great advantage in the contemplation of nature. He beholds unity in the midst of variety. He looks round on the changing scenery, and in every leaf of the forest, every blade of grass, every hill, every valley and every cloud of heaven, he discovers the traces of *divine benevolence*. Creation is but a field spread before him for an infinitely varied display of *love*. This is the harmonizing principle, which reduces to unity and simplicity the vast diversity of nature; this is the perfection of the universe. It clothes in moral glory every object we contemplate. The Christian may be said to hear the music of the spheres. He hears suns and planets joining their melody in praise to their benignant Creator. *His* ear, and his alone, is tuned to this heavenly harmony. His soul is love.

I SHOULD wish to attach every object to me, with which I am connected. I should delight to make my cow and horse my friends, to feed them from my hands, to have them follow me when I enter the field, and look upon me as a benefactor. Why should I not domesticate the birds, that build on my trees, and why not attach myself to the trees themselves by directing their growth and enjoying their shade? I cannot but think that the goodness of God is manifested in this susceptibility, which man enjoys, of attachment to surrounding scenes and objects. Those, who till the ground, are necessarily excluded from the pleasures of mental improvement; and a stranger might wonder, what could constitute the happiness of a peasant. But,

my friend, do you see this tree, that vine and that field? They excite no emotion in your breast. But look at the labourer, who has toiled to rear the one and to cover the other with verdure. Every blade or branch which rustles in the wind, speaks to him in the language of a friend. Perhaps he cultivates the spot which his fathers tilled before him, and where he sported away the days of his childhood. This association gives him an interest in his field and cottage, which a monarch does not feel in his throne. Do you not envy him that smile, which lights up his countenance, as he surveys the objects he long has been accustomed to rear and defend?

THE higher kinds of poetry have often a veil thrown over their beauties. The man of fancy and ardent genius labours with conceptions, which words but faintly convey. He forms unusual combinations of language to express the ideal beauty and excellence, which he discerns in the regions of imagination. Aloof from vulgar apprehensions, he is forced to clothe himself in darkness and mystery, and nothing but congeniality of heart and fancy can enable us to comprehend him. That poet, whose beauties can all be defined, who does not fill us with emotions and conceptions, which we struggle in vain to impart, has never "ascended the highest heaven of invention."

ELOQUENCE is not an introductory science, which youth can be taught from books. It is the glorious talent of improving all the treasures of art and of science, of history and of nature to the illumination, conviction and subjugation of the hearts of men. It is the dome of the temple, the perfection of human powers, the action of mind on mind, the lightening of the moral world. It belongs only to towering souls, impressed with vast and strong conceptions, and glowing with great and generous emotions. If we desire eloquence, let us then enlarge the mind and invigorate the virtuous sentiments of the heart.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

“THE writer of his own life,” says Dr. Johnson, “has at least the first qualification of an historian, *the knowledge of the truth.*” This great moralist proceeds to shew why it is probable, that a man, who writes his own life, is likely to *speake the truth*, “since falsehood cannot appease his own mind, and fame will not be heard beneath the tomb.” These observations, however, only relate to him, who “sits down calmly and voluntarily to review his life for the admonition of posterity, or to amuse himself, and, after all, leaves the account unpublished.” But the man, who thinks it necessary to publish a history of himself, during his life, has a stronger ground for the confidence of his readers, since it is in the power of envy and malice to expose him to disgrace, if he should be found to deviate from the truth. The subject of our present attention is in this predicament. Mr. Gifford has prefixed to his translation of Juvenal a sketch of his own life, which we do not hesitate to pronounce one of the most interesting and best written *morceaux*, which the pen of the biographer has ever executed. It is difficult to say which is most entitled to our admiration, the manly candour, which unfolds his humble origin, or the genuine modesty, which veils his present eminence. Of the former, Mr. Gifford has favoured us with a description in all respects so perfect, that the hand of arrogance itself would recoil from the conceit of blemishing so beautiful a production by the alteration of a point. We shall therefore literally copy all that relates to this part of Mr. Gifford’s life from his own narration.

“Of my family, (says Mr. Gifford) I know but little, and that little is not very precise. My great-grand-father, (the most remote of it, that I ever recollect to have heard mentioned) possessed considerable property at Halfworthy, a parish in the neighbourhood of Ashburton; but whether acquired or inherited, I never thought of asking, and do not know.*

* I have, however, some faint notion of hearing my mother say, that he, or his father, had been a China merchant, in London. By China merchant I always understood, and so perhaps did she, a dealer in China-ware.

He was probably a native of Devonshire, for there he spent the last years of his life ; spent them too, in some sort of consideration, for Mr. T. (a very respectable surgeon of Ashburton) loved to repeat to me, when I first grew into notice, that he had frequently hunted with his hounds.

My grandfather was on ill terms with him : I believe, not without sufficient reason, for he was extravagant and dissipated. My father never mentioned his name, but my mother would sometimes tell me that he had ruined the family. That he spent much, I know ; but I am inclined to think that his undutiful conduct occasioned my great-grandfather to bequeath a part of his property from him.

My father, I fear, revenged in some measure the cause of my great-grandfather. He was, as I have heard my mother say, "a very wild young man, who could be kept to nothing," He was sent to the grammar-school at Exeter ; from which he made his escape, and entered on board a man of war. He was soon reclaimed from his situation by my grandfather, and left his school a second time, to wander in some vagabond society.* He was now probably given up, for he was, on his return from this notable adventure, reduced to article himself to a plumber and glazier, with whom he luckily staid long enough to learn the business. I suppose his father was now dead, for he became possessed of two small estates, married my mother,† (the daughter of a carpenter at Ashburton) and thought himself rich enough to set up for himself ; which he did with some credit, at South Molton. Why he chose to fix there I never inquired ; but I learned from my mother, that after a residence of four or five years he was again thoughtless enough to engage in a dangerous frolic, which drove him once more to sea. This was an attempt to excite a riot in a Methodist chapel ; for which his companions were prosecuted, and he fled, as I have mentioned.

My father was a good seaman, and was soon made second in command in the *Lyon*, a large armed transport in the service of government : while my mother (then with child of me) re-

* He had gone with Bamfylde Moore Carew, then an old man.

† Her maiden name was Elizabeth Cain. My father's christian name was Edward.

turned to her native place, Ashburton, where I was born, in April, 1757.

The resources of my mother were very scanty. They arose from the rent of three or four small fields, which yet remained unfold. With these, however, she did what she could for me; and as soon as I was old enough to be trusted out of her sight, sent me to a school-mistress of the name of Parret, from whom I learned in due time to read. I cannot boast much of my acquisitions at this school; they consisted merely of the contents of the "Child's Spelling Book:" but from my mother, who had stored up the literature of a country town, which, about half a century ago, amounted to little more than what was disseminated by itinerant ballad-fingers, or rather, readers, I had acquired much curious knowledge of Catskin, and the Golden Bull, and the Bloody Gardener, and many other histories equally instructive and amusing.

My father returned from sea, in 1764. He had been at the siege of the Havannah; and though he received more than a hundred pounds for prize money, and his wages were considerable; yet, as he had not acquired any strict habits of economy, he brought home but a trifling sum. The little property yet left was therefore turned into money; a trifle more was gotten by agreeing to renounce all future pretensions to an estate at Totness;* and with this my father set up a second time as a glazier and house-painter. I was now about eight years old, and was put to the free-school (kept by Hugh Smerdon) to learn to read and write, and cipher. Here I continued about three years, making a most wretched progress, when my father fell sick and died. He had not acquired wisdom from his misfortunes, but continued wasting his time in unprofitable pursuits, to the great detriment of his business. He loved drink for the sake of society, and to this love he fell a martyr; dying of a decayed and ruined constitution before he was forty. The town's people thought him a shrewd and sensible man, and regretted his death. As for me I never greatly loved him; I had not grown up with

* This was a lot of small houses, which had been thoughtlessly suffered to fall into decay, and of which the rents had been so long unclaimed, that they could not now be recovered, unless by an expensive litigation.

him ; and he was too prone to repulse my little advances to familiarity, with coldness, or anger. He had certainly some reason to be displeased with me, for I learned little at school, and nothing at home, though he would now and then attempt to give me some insight into the business. As impressions of any kind are not very strong at the age of eleven or twelve, I did not long feel his loss ; nor was it a subject of much sorrow to me, that my mother was doubtful of her ability to continue me at school, though I had by this time acquired a love for reading.

I never knew in what circumstances my mother was left : most probably they were inadequate to her support, without some kind of exertion, especially as she was now burthened with a second child about six or eight months old. Unfortunately she determined to prosecute my father's business ; for which purpose she engaged a couple of journeymen, who, finding her ignorant of every part of it, wasted her property, and embezzled her money. What the consequence of this double fraud would have been, there was no opportunity of knowing, as, in somewhat less than a twelvemonth, my poor mother followed my father to the grave. She was an excellent woman, bore my father's infirmities with patience and good-humour, loved her children dearly, and died at last exhausted with anxiety and grief more on their account than on her own.

I was not quite thirteen, when this happened ; my little brother was hardly two ; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world. Every thing, that was left, was seized by a person of the name of C——, for money advanced to my mother. It may be supposed that I could not dispute the justice of his claims ; and as no one else interfered, he was suffered to do as he liked. My little brother was sent to the alms-house, whither his nurse followed him out of pure affection ; and I was taken to the house of the person I have just mentioned, who was also my godfather. Respect for the opinion of the town, (which, whether correct or not, was, that he had repaid himself by the sale of my mother's effects) induced him to send me again to school, where I was more diligent than before, and more successful. I grew fond of arithmetic, and my master began to distinguish me : but these golden days were over in less than three months. C—— sickened at the expense ; and, as the people were now

indifferent to my fate, he looked round for an opportunity of ridding himself of a useless charge. He had previously attempted to engage me in the drudgery of husbandry. I drove the plough for one day to gratify him, but I left it with a firm resolution to do so no more, and in despite of his threats and promises, adhered to my determination. In this, I was guided no less by necessity than will. During my father's life, in attempting to clamber up a table, I had fallen backward, and drawn it after me : its edge fell upon my breast, and I never recovered the effects of the blow ; of which I was made extremely sensible on any extraordinary exertion. Ploughing, therefore, was out of the question, and, as I have already said, I utterly refused to follow it.

As I could write and cipher, (as the phrase is) C—— next thought of sending me to Newfoundland, to assist in a storehouse. For this purpose he negotiated with a Mr. Holdesworthy of Dartmouth, who agreed to fit me out. I left Ashburton with little expectation of seeing it again, and indeed with little care, and rode with my godfather to the dwelling of Mr. Holdesworthy. On seeing me, this great man observed with a look of pity and contempt, that I was "too small," and sent me away sufficiently mortified. I expected to be very ill received by my godfather, but he said nothing. He did not however choose to take me back himself, but sent me in the passage-boat to Totness, from whence I was to walk home. On the passage, the boat was driven by a midnight storm on the rocks, and I escaped with life almost by miracle.

My godfather had now humbler views for me, and I had little heart to resist any thing. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing boats ; I ventured, however, to remonstrate against this, and the matter was compromised by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went, when little more than thirteen.

My master, whose name was Full, though gross and ignorant, was not an ill-natured man ; at least not to me : and my mistress used me with unvarying kindness ; moved perhaps by my weakness and tender years. In return I did what I could to requite her, and my good-will was not overlooked.

Our vessel was not very large, nor our crew very numerous. On ordinary occasions, such as short trips to Dartmouth, Plymouth, &c. it consisted only of my master, an apprentice nearly out of his time, and myself: when we had to go farther, to Portsmouth for example, an additional hand was hired for the voyage.

In this vessel (the Two Brothers) I continued nearly a twelve-month; and here I got acquainted with nautical terms, and contracted a love for the sea, which a lapse of thirty years has but little diminished.

It will be easily conceived that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only a "ship-boy on the high and giddy mast," but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot: yet if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say, it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading; as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing, during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the Coasting Pilot.

As my lot seemed to be cast, however, I was not negligent in seeking such information as promised to be useful; and I therefore frequented, at my leisure hours, such vessels as dropt into Torbay. On attempting to get on board one of these, which I did at midnight, I missed my footing, and fell into the sea. The floating away of the boat alarmed the man on deck, who came to the ship's side just in time to see me sink. He immediately threw out several ropes, one of which providentially (for I was unconscious of it) entangled itself about me, and I was drawn up to the surface till a boat could be got round. The usual methods were taken to recover me, and I awoke in bed the next morning, remembering nothing but the horror I felt, when I first found myself unable to cry out for assistance.

This was not my only escape; but I forbear to speak of them. An escape of another kind was now preparing for me, which deserves all my notice, as it was decisive of my future fate.

On Christmas day (1770) I was surprised by a message from my godfather, saying that he had sent a man and horse to bring me to Ashburton; and desiring me to set out without delay. My master, as well as myself, supposed it was to spend the holy-days there; and he, therefore, made no objection to my going. We were, however, both mistaken.

Since I had lived at Brixham, I had broken off all connexion with Ashburton. I had no relation there but my poor brother,* who was yet too young for any kind of correspondence; and the conduct of my godfather towards me, did not entitle him to any portion of my gratitude, or kind remembrance. I lived therefore in a sort of fullen independence on all I had formerly known, and thought without regret of being abandoned by every one to my fate. But I had not been overlooked. The women of Brixham, who travelled to Ashburton twice a week with fish, and who had known my parents, did not see me without kind concern, running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trowsers. They mentioned this to the people of Ashburton, and never without commiserating my change of condition. This tale often repeated, awakened at length the pity of their auditors, and as the next step, their resentment against the man, who had reduced me to such a state of wretchedness. In a large town, this would have had little effect, but in a place like Ashburton, where every report speedily becomes the common property of all the inhabitants, it raised a murmur, which my godfather found himself either unable or unwilling to withstand: he therefore determined, as I have just observed, to recall me; which he could easily do, as I wanted some months of fourteen, and consequently was not yet bound.

All this, I learned on my arrival; and my heart, which had been cruelly shut up, now opened to kinder sentiments, and fairer views.

* Of my brother, here introduced for the last time, I must yet say a few words. He was literally

The child of misery baptized in tears; and the short passage of his life did not belie the melancholy presage of his infancy. When he was seven years old, the parish bound him out to a husbandman of the name of Leman, with whom he endured incredible hardships, which I had it not in my power to alleviate. At nine years of age he broke his thigh, and I took that opportunity to teach him to read and write. When my own situation was improved, I persuaded him to try the sea: he did so, and was taken on board the Egmont, on condition that his master should receive his wages. The time was now fast approaching when I could serve him, but he was doomed to know no favourable change of fortune: he fell sick, and died at Cork.

After the holidays I returned to my darling pursuit, arithmetic : my progress was now so rapid, that in a few months I was at the head of the school, and qualified to assist my master, (Mr. E. Furlong) on any extraordinary emergency. As he usually gave me a trifle on those occasions, it raised a thought in me, that by engaging with him as a regular assistant, and undertaking the instruction of a few evening scholars, I might, with a little additional aid, be enabled to support myself. God knows my ideas of support at this time, were of no very extravagant nature. I had, besides, another object in view. Mr. Hugh Smerdon (my first master) was now grown old and infirm ; it seemed unlikely that he should hold out above three or four years ; and I fondly flattered myself that, notwithstanding my youth, I might possibly be appointed to succeed him. I was in my fifteenth year, when I built these castles : a storm, however, was collecting, which unexpectedly burst upon me, and swept them all away.

(*To be continued.*)

Influence of Imitative Tones and Representations.

[From COGAN'S Philosophical Treatise on the Passions.]

WE are so constituted as to be strongly affected by any *representation* of particular states and situations, notwithstanding we are convinced that they are imaginary or artificial. Mere tones, attitudes, gestures, imitating or resembling any of those produced by one or other of the passions and affections, are calculated to excite emotions and correspondent feelings in susceptible minds. Like musical instruments attuned to the same key, our feelings are made to vibrate with the vibrations of surrounding objects. Even the voice and accents of inferior animals, expressive either of fear, or pain, or lamentation, or joy, or affection, have a tendency to render us apprehensive, cheerful, melancholy, or sympathizing. Rude and harsh sounds not only create unpleasant sensations, but suggest unpleasant and foreboding ideas in all those who have not corrected their sensations by their reason. It is from this kind of association probably, that the croaking of the raven and the scream of the night-owl are so universally deemed *ominous of mischief* by the ignorant. The sprightly music of the fea-

thered songsters inspires an exhilarating vivacity. The solitary and melodious notes of the nightingale, the cooing of the turtle-dove, &c. have always furnished imagery for Poets in their description of the tender passion of love, or sympathetic sorrow. The bleating of the sheep, and lowing of the kine, &c. although they possess no real melody in themselves, yet as they denote the affection of the dam for its offspring, they universally inspire a pleasing sympathetic tenderness.

The principal charms of the music, which aims at a higher character, than that of difficult or rapid execution, consist in the imitation of those tones and movements which are most intimately connected with the passions and affections of the soul; which exhilarate the spirits, and excite to the sprightly or graceful dance, arouse and animate, induce a bewitching melancholy, or diffuse a pleasing serenity over the mind; which charm by displaying something like the power of persuasive eloquence without words, holding a kind of conversation without ideas, and exciting whatever disposition the artist pleases, without suggesting a motive.

It has been occasionally remarked in our analysis, that the powerful influence of any exciting cause manifests itself by emotions correspondent to the nature of the passions; to seize these external appearances, or to imitate the expressive looks, attitudes, and gestures peculiar to each, is the professed object of the statuary and historic painter: and to do justice to the characteristic emotions, constitutes the difficulty and excellence of their art. It is the professed design of these to excite some emotion or call forth some particular affection correspondent to the nature of their object. Although the power of the sculptor is confined to forms and attitudes principally, yet how interesting may these be rendered to the spectator! Who can contemplate the *Apollo Belvedere*, the *Venus de Medicis*, without admiring the human shape in its characteristic beauties? or the *dancing Fauns*, without partaking of their vivacity? Or the *Farnese Hercules*, without a degree of awe? or the *Laocoon* and his sons, without a mixture of compassion and horror? Or any of these, without being astonished at the skill, ingenuity, or sublimity of the artist? The enthusiastic encomiums bestowed upon the paintings of celebrated masters: the eagerness with which their labours

are purchased ; the wealth and renown, which the most distinguished of them enjoy ; and the respect paid to their memories, demonstrate the amazing effect of their performances upon the mind ; the strength of our sympathy with every representation of passion ; and the surprise we experience that these powerful effects are produced by the mere distribution of colours, or of lights and shades, upon board or canvass !

The successful dramatic writer catches the ideas and imitates the language of every passion, emotion, and affection in their different stages and degrees. His professed object is to suppose a diversity of characters, and to support them with a correspondent train of ideas ; to inspire them with predilections and aversions, or call forth particular passions and affections, according to the situations in which he has placed them. His hopes of success depend upon the closeness of the imitation ; and success itself consists in being able to interest the heart, by exciting affections and emotions similar to those, which would be felt by the reader or spectator, were he an immediate witness to similar scenes in real life.

The complete *Actor* possesses the happy talent of expressing by manner the state of mind represented by his author. He adopts what modern orators reject ; and attempts to give force to pertinent ideas and language by imitative tones, gestures, and countenance, which he varies according to the versatile state of those who are tossed upon the billows of passion, or agitated by some contending emotions, or under the more permanent influence of particular affections.

In theatrical exhibitions there is a conspiracy to delude the imagination ; and all the powers of sympathy are called forth to produce the effect. Correspondent scenery points out to the spectator the very spot of action, and characteristic dresses exert their influence to aid the deception. The spectator leaves every idea of real life at the door of entrance, and voluntarily yields himself up to the pleasing delusion. He finds himself in a new world. He is transported in an instant into distant regions, and remote ages, and feels in fiction all the force of truth. He laughs at mimic folly, sincerely weeps at artificial misery, is inspired with horror and indignation at imaginary baseness, and is in an ecstasy of joy at counterfeit happiness !

MEMOIRS
OF
WILLIAM COLLINS ;

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS.

[Continued from page 22.]

THE first, which is entitled SELIM, or the SHEPHERD'S MORAL, as there is nothing dramatic in the subject, may be thought the least entertaining of the four : but it is, by no means, the least valuable. The moral precepts which the intelligent shepherd delivers to his fellow-swains and the virgins, their companions, are such as would infallibly promote the happiness of the pastoral life.

In impersonating the private virtues, the poet has observed great propriety, and has formed the genealogy with the most perfect judgment, when he represents them as the daughters of truth and wisdom.

The characteristics of *modesty* and *chastity* are extremely happy and picturesque :

“Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
To lead the train, sweet *modesty* appear ;
With thee be *chastity*, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid ;
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew,
A filken veil conceals her from the view.”

The two *families* borrowed from rural objects are not only much in character, but perfectly natural and expressive. There is, notwithstanding, this defect in the former, that it wants a peculiar propriety ; for purity of thought may as well be applied to *chastity* as to *modesty* ; and from this instance, as well as from a thousand more, we may see the necessity of distinguishing, in characteristic poetry, every object by marks and attributes peculiarly its own.

It cannot be objected to this eclogue that it wants both those essential *Criteria* of the pastoral, love and the drama ; for though it partakes not of the latter, the former still retains an

interest in it, and that too very material, as it professedly consults the virtue and happiness of the lover, while it informs what are the qualities

——that must lead to love.

The second, entitled *HASSAN*, or the *CAMEL-DRIVER*, possesses all the advantages that any species of poetry can derive from the novelty of the subject and of the scenery. The route of a camel-driver is a scene that scarce could exist in the imagination of an *European*, and of its attendant distresses he could have no idea.—These are very happily and minutely painted by our descriptive poet. What sublime simplicity of expression! what nervous plainness in the opening of the poem!

“In silent horror o’er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels past.”

The magic pencil of the poet brings the whole scene before us at once, as it were by enchantment, and in this single couplet we feel all the effect that arises from the terrible wildness of a region unenlivened by the habitations of men. The verses that describe so minutely the camel-driver’s little provisions, have a touching influence on the imagination, and prepare the reader to enter more feelingly into his future apprehensions of distress:

“Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage!”

It is difficult to say whether his *Apostrophe* to the “mute companions of his toils,” is more to be admired for the elegance and beauty of the poetical imagery, or for the tenderness and humanity of the sentiment. He who can read it without being affected, will do his heart no injustice, if he concludes it to be destitute of sensibility:

“Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown’d fountains mitigate the day;
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds forever howl around.”

Yet in these beautiful lines there is a slight error, which writers of the greatest genius very frequently fall into—It will be needless to observe to the accurate reader, that in the fifth and sixth verses there is a verbal pleonasm where the poet speaks of the *green* delights of *verdant* vales. There is an oversight of the same kind in the Manners, an Ode; where the poet says,

“——Seine’s *blue* nymphs deplore
In *watchet* weeds——”

This fault is indeed a common one, but to a reader of taste it is nevertheless disgusting; and it is mentioned here as the error of a man of genius and judgment, that men of genius and judgment may guard against it.

Mr. COLLINS speaks like a true Poet as well in sentiment as expression, when, with regard to the thirst of wealth, he says,

“Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure’s song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain’s side,
The fountain’s murmurs, and the valley’s pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?”

But, however just these sentiments may appear to those who have not revolted from nature and simplicity, had the author proclaimed them in Lombard-street or Cheapside, he would not have been complimented with the understanding of the bellman.—A striking proof, that our own particular ideas of happiness regulate our opinions concerning the sense and wisdom of others!

It is impossible to take leave of this most beautiful eclogue without paying the tribute of admiration so justly due to the following nervous lines.

“What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And fearful! oft when day’s declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous’d, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and fullen tygers in his train:
Before them death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.”

This, amongst many other passages to be met with in the writings of COLLINS, shews that his genius was perfectly capable of the grand and magnificent in description, notwithstanding what a learned writer has advanced to the contrary. Nothing, certainly, could be more greatly conceived, or more adequately expressed, than the image in the last couplet.

That deception, sometimes used in rhetoric and poetry, which presents us with an object or sentiment contrary to what we expected, is here introduced to the greatest advantage :

“ Farewel the youth, whom sighs could not detain,
Whom Zara’s breaking heart implor’d in vain !
Yet as thou go’st, may every blast arise—
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs !”

But this, perhaps, is rather an artificial prettiness than a real or natural beauty.

The third eclogue beautifully describes in its effects that innocent, and native simplicity of manners, which in the first, was allowed to constitute the happiness of love. The sultan of *Persia* marries a Georgian shepherdess, and finds in her embraces that genuine felicity which unperverted nature alone can bestow. The most natural and beautiful parts of this eclogue are those where the fair sultana refers with so much pleasure to her pastoral amusements, and those scenes of happy innocence, in which she had passed her early years ; particularly when upon her first departure,

“ Oft as she went, she backward turn’d her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.”

This picture of amiable simplicity reminds one of that passage, where Proserpine, when carried off by Pluto, regrets the loss of the flowers she had been gathering.

“ Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis :
Tantaque simplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis,
Hæc quoque virgineum movit jactura dolorem.”

The beautiful, but unfortunate country, where the scene of the fourth eclogue is laid, had been recently torn in pieces by the depredations of its savage neighbours, when Mr. COLLINS so affectingly described its misfortunes. This ingenious man

had not only a pencil to portray, but a heart to feel for the miseries of mankind ! and it is with the utmost tenderness and humanity he enters into the narrative of Circassia's ruin, while he realizes the scene, and brings the present drama before us. Of every circumstance, that could possibly contribute to the tender effect this pastoral was designed to produce, the poet has availed himself with the utmost art and address. Thus he prepares the heart to pity the distresses of *Circassia*, by representing it as the scene of the happiest love.

“ In fair *Circassia*, where to love inclin'd,
Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind.”

To give the circumstances of the dialogue a more affecting solemnity, he makes the time midnight, and describes the two shepherds in the very act of flight from the destruction that swept over their country :

“ Sad o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led :”

There is a beauty and propriety in the epithet *wildering*, which strikes us more forcibly, the more we consider it.

The opening of the dialogue is equally happy, natural and unaffected ; when one of the shepherds, weary and overcome with the fatigue of flight, calls upon his companion to review the length of way they had passed.—This is certainly painting from nature, and the thoughts, however obvious, or destitute of refinement, are perfectly in character. But as the closest pursuit of nature is the surest way to excellence in general, and to sublimity in particular, in poetical description, so we find that this simple suggestion of the shepherd is not unattended with magnificence. There is grandeur and variety in the landscape he describes :

“ And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already past with pain !
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried !
And last, this lofty mountain's weary side.”

There is, in imitative harmony, an act of expressing a slow and difficult movement by adding to the usual number of pauses in a verse. This is observable in the line that describes the ascent of the mountain :

“And last || this lofty mountain’s || weary side.”

Here we find the number of pauses, or musical bars, which in an heroic verse, is commonly two, increased to three.

The liquid melody, and the numerous sweetness of expression in the following descriptive lines is almost inimitably beautiful :

“Sweet to the sight is *Zabran’s* flowery plain,
And once by nymphs and shepherds lov’d in vain !
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By *Sargis’* banks, or *Irwan’s* shady grove ;
On *Tarkie’s* mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of *Aly’s* flowery vale.”

Nevertheless in this delightful landscape there is an obvious fault : there is no distinction between the plain of *Zabran* and the vale of *Aly* ; they are both *flowery*, and consequently undiversified. This could not proceed from the poet’s want of judgment, but from inattention : it had not occurred to him that he had employed the epithet *flowery* twice within so short a compass ; an oversight which those who are accustomed to poetical, or, indeed, to any other species of composition, know to be very possible.

Nothing can be more beautifully conceived, or more pathetically expressed than the shepherd’s apprehensions for his fair country-women, exposed to the ravages of the invaders.

“In vain *Circassia* boasts her spicy groves,
Forever fam’d for pure and happy loves :
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eye’s blue languish, and their golden hair !
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief shall send ;
Those hairs the Tartar’s cruel hand shall rend.”

There is, certainly, some very powerful charm in the liquid melody of sounds. The editor of these poems could never read, or hear the following verse repeated without a degree of pleasure otherwise entirely unaccountable :

“Their eye’s *blue languish*, and their *golden hair*.”

Such are the Oriental Eclogues, which we leave with the same kind of anxious pleasure, we feel upon a temporary parting with a beloved friend.

The genius of Collins was capable of every degree of excellence in lyric poetry, and perfectly qualified for that high province of the muse. Possessed of a native ear for all the varieties of harmony and modulation, susceptible of the finest feelings of tenderness and humanity, but, above all, carried away by that high enthusiasm, which gives to imagination its strongest colouring, he was, at once, capable of soothing the ear with the melody of his numbers, of influencing the passions by the force of his *Pathos*, and of gratifying the fancy by the luxury of his description.

In consequence of these powers, but more particularly, in consideration of the last, he chose such subjects for his lyric essays as were most favourable for the indulgence of description and allegory; where he could exercise his powers in moral and personal painting; where he could exert his invention in conferring attributes on images or objects already known, and described, by a determinate number of characteristics: where he might give an uncommon eclat to his figures, by placing them in happier attitudes, or in more advantageous lights, and introduce new forms from the moral and intellectual world into the society of impersonated beings.

Such, no doubt, were the privileges, which the poet expected, and such were the advantages he derived from the descriptive and allegorical nature of his themes.

It seems to have been the whole industry of our author (and it is, at the same time, almost all the claim to moral excellence his writings can boast) to promote the influence of the social virtues, by painting them in the fairest and happiest lights.

Melior fieri tuendo,

would be no improper motto to his poems in general, but of his lyric poems it seems to be the whole moral tendency and effect. If, therefore, it should appear to some readers that he has been more industrious to cultivate description than sentiment; it may be observed, that his descriptions themselves are sentimental, and answer the whole end of that species of writing, by embellishing every feature of virtue, and by conveying, through the effects of the pencil, the finest moral lessons to the mind.

(To be continued.)

POETRY
INFLUENCED BY CHRISTIAN VIRTUE.

At the close of our remarks on the Life of Cowper in our FIRST NUMBER, we promised the following passage, which Mr. HAYLEY extracted from a manuscript of an anonymous writer.

“THE noblest benefits and delights of poetry can be but rarely produced, because all the requisites for producing them so very seldom meet. A vivid mind, and happy imitative power, may enable a poet to form glowing pictures of virtue, and almost produce in himself a short lived enthusiasm of goodness; but although even these transient and factitious movements of mind may serve to produce grand and delightful effusions of poetry, yet when the best of these are compared with the poetic productions of a genuine lover of virtue, a discerning judgment will scarcely fail to mark the difference. A simplicity of conception and expression—a conscious, and therefore unaffected dignity—an instinctive adherence to sober reason, even amid the highest flights; an uniform justness and consistency of thought, a glowing, yet temperate ardour of feeling; a peculiar felicity, both in the choice and combination of terms, by which even the plainest words acquire the truest character of eloquence, and which is rarely to be found, except where a subject is not only intimately known, but cordially loved; these I conceive are the features peculiar to the real votary of virtue, and which must of course give to his strains a perfection of effect never to be attained by the poet of inferior moral endowments.

“I believe it will be readily granted, that all these qualities were never more perfectly combined than in the poetry of MILTON. And I think too, there will be little doubt, that the next to him in every one of these instances beyond all comparison, is COWPER. The genius of the latter did certainly not lead him to emulate the songs of the Seraphim. But though he pursues a lower walk of poetry than his great Master, he appears no less the enraptured votary of pure unmixed goodness. Nay, perhaps he may in this one respect possess some peculiar excellencies, which may make him seem more the Bard of Christianity.”

THE ANTHOLOGY.

Original Poetry.

WINTER NIGHT.

HAIL Winter ! fullen monarch ! dark with clouds ;
Throned on bleak wastes, and fierce and cold with storms ;
Welcome thy blasting cold and treasured snow !
Thy raving, rending winds do but compose
My soul ; and midst thy gloom, my heart
Smiles like the opening spring. Thy long drear nights,
Winter, I hail. The cold receding sun
I love to follow to the cloudy west,
And see thy twilight deepen into gloom
Of thickest darkness. Round my cheering fire,
How I enjoy the glistening eye, and smile,
And burning cheek and prattle innocent,
Of my dear little ones ; and when *they* sink
With heavy eyes into the arms of sleep,
Peaceful, and smiling still, and breathing soft ;
How pleasant glide the hours in converse pure
With her whom first I loved ; who long has crown'd
My joys, and soothed me with her gentle voice,
Under a load of sorrows ; who has felt
The power of truth divine ; and from whose lips
I catch the peace and love of Saints in Heaven.
Vain world ! We envy not your joys. We hear
Your rattling chariot wheels, and weep for you ;
We weep that souls immortal can find joy
In forcing laughter, dissipating thought,
In the loose stage, the frisking dance, the pomp,
And forms and ornaments of polish'd life,
In heartless hypocritic show of love,
In giddy nonsense, in contempt of truth,
Which elevates the soul, and swells the heart

With hope of holy bliss. We mourn your waste
 Of mind, of strength, of wealth. Think, thoughtless world,
 How many fatherless and widows pine
 In want; how many shiver in the storm.
 Over a dying flame, how many cower
 In some poor hovel, pressing to their breasts
 Their little ones, to save them from the cold.
 Oh think, what aching hearts ye might relieve!
 What brooding sorrows ye might cheer! What tears
 Of friendless, naked, moaning poverty
 Ye might wipe off with lenient sympathy.
 Oh Winter, I can bear thy howling storms.
 Rise but a few more suns, and all thy blasts
 Will soften. Yon waste fields will smile in green;
 The branches swell with infant buds; the groves
 Resound with nature's melody. But MAN,
 MY KIN, lies desolate. A wintry blast
 Has chilled his heart, frozen the circling blood
 Of sympathy, and blighted the sweet fruits
 Of love. How bleak and waste! In vain the Sun
 Of Righteousness sheds bright and healing beams.
 In vain does He, who died on Calvary,
 Extend his hands, bleeding with wounds of love.
 MAN still is cold and wintry; still is hard,
 And melts not into mercy.—This vain world
 Is colder than the northern skies. But FAITH
 Looks o'er the icy mountains, looks beyond
 The wintry clouds, and sees unfading bloom
 Of paradise, sees peaceful streams of joy,
 And warm effulgence of the God of Love.
 And hark! a gentle voice now calls, * "Arise
 And come away. The winter's past and gone,
 The flowers appear; the birds with transport hail
 The spring. The turtle's plaintive voice is heard;
 The fig-tree bends with figs. The fragrant vine
 Presents the tender grape. Arise and see
 Millennial happiness, the reign of peace and love."

* Canticles ii. 10.

VERSES

INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND.

A FRAGMENT.

ON the brow of our lov'd rock
Sorrows we were wont to mock.
Lifting to the voice of night,—
Fancy's dawn of magic light
Quick illum'd the deepen'd glades,
Then replete with wizard shades.
While, along the mountains wild,
Fond enchanters warmly smil'd;
Fairy maids in rapture danc'd;
Elfin spirits dimly glanc'd
Down each wonder-gazing steep,
Stealing duller goblins' sleep.

Often too, while evening mild
Cankering cares of day beguil'd,
Eager for her lulling chime,
We this haughty rock did climb;
When to us, with pious claim,
Sober contemplation came,
Pointing at the varied chase
Life exhibits in her race.
There in crazing ardour ran
Fortune's grim and meagre clan.
O'er derision's burning tides,
Bridges wreck'd, and meteor guides
Led the fame-enamour'd band
To their bleak and troubled land.
Who for power elated rav'd,
Darkly-frowning dangers brav'd;—
They, the height becoming near,
Wither'd in the blast of fear.

On this rock, I've known thee chuse
Virtue and her angel muse,
As the charmers most endear'd,
That to reason's fight appear'd.

Here together we have hop'd,
 While our future prospect op'd,
 Mutual aid might, in life's dell,
 Every gloomy storm dispel.
 Yet I now, in lonely state,
 Mournful by our parting fate,
 On this soothing rock reclin'd,
 Strive to cheat my widow'd mind.

Faintly beams the twilight ray,
 Bidding hence the languish'd day.
 Sober'd hills in dress obscure
 Sit around, in plight demure.
 Passing by with sprightly ease,
 Now the kindly-temper'd breeze
 Wings the plaintive sounds of night.
 Mingled in their dizzy flight,
 Comes the cricket's thrilling tone
 With the owl's pedantic moan,
 Chorusing the wakeful lay
 Of the brook, in merry play.

Fancy still presents around
 Scenes remote, where joys abound ;
 But no scene devoid of thee,
 Brightens with harmonious glee.
 None, but thy remembered voice,
 Bids the mingled sounds rejoice.
 Naught in all the spacious maze,
 But thy image holds my gaze.

==
 TO A

A YOUNG DIVINE,
 ON HIS ORDINATION DAY.

SOME angel guard my wandering muse,
 Nor let her rove in vain ;—
 My listening strings can ne'er refuse
 To join a hallow'd strain.

Each tender nerve, that strings the heart,
Shall wake to life and sense,
While thou, Philander, themes impart,
That purest charms dispense.

When e're thy sacred task I view,
Commission'd from the skies,
Old error bids the world adieu
And joyful suns arise.

Salvation hails the ushering day,
While truths inspire your tongue ;
And sinners hear their guilt away,
And rapture wakes to song.

Devotion spreads her flaming wings,
And with an upward eye
Through boundless lengths of ether springs
And claims her native sky.

Religion owns thy guardian hand,
And slopes a downward flight.
Peace and good will on her attend,
And God and men unite.

While basking in the beams of grace
The dreary wilds shall bloom ;
And every solitary place
A laughing vale become.

The thirsty meads shall new supplies
From warbling fountains drain,
While on their banks a Sharon lies,
A Carmel on each plain.

Thus shall immortal beauties spring,
While thou their charms improve ;
Till angels bend the shining wing
To waft you safe above.

And when in robes of streaming light,
Thou tread'st the starry zone,
Symphonious choirs shall shout thy flight
Around the blazing throne.

Nor shall a fancied God inspire,
 As poets, fabling, tell.
 Gabriel for thee shall string the lyre,
 And God himself reveal.

And when you touch each warbling string,
 On yon celestial ground,
 Echo through unknown Worlds shall ring,
 And list'ning space resound.

CLEORA.

Selected Poetry.

GILIMER,

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

GILIMER was the last of the Vandal kings of Africa, conquered by BELISARIUS; he retired to the heights of Pappua, when his army was entirely beaten.—His answer to the message sent to him there by Belisarius, is well known. He desired the conqueror to send him a loaf of bread, a sponge, and a lute. This request was thus explained; that the king had not tasted any baked bread, since his arrival on that mountain, and that he earnestly longed to eat a morsel of it, before he died; the sponge he wanted to allay a tumour, that was fallen upon one of his eyes; and the lute, on which he had learned to play, was to assist him in setting some elegiac verses, which he had composed on the subject of his misfortunes.

HENCE, foldier, to thy plumed chief;
 Tell him, that Afric's king,
 Broken by years, and bow'd with grief,
 Asks but a lute, that he may sing
 His sorrows to the moon; or (if he weep)
 A sponge, which he in tears may steep;
 And let his pity spare a little bread!

Such, Gilimer, was thy last prayer
 To him, who o'er thy realm his gay host led,
 When thou forlorn, and frozen with despair,
 Didst sit on Pappua's heights alone,
 Mourning thy fortune lost, thy crown, thy kingdom gone.

When 'twas still night, and on the mountain vast
The moon her tranquil glimmer cast,
From tent to tent, remotely spread around,
He heard the murm'ring army's hostile sound,
And swell'd from his sad lute a solemn tone,
Whilst the lone vallies echo'd—"All is gone!"

The sun from darkness rose,
Illumining the landscape wide,
The tents, the far-off ships, and the pale morning tide :
Now the prophetic song indignant flows.

Thine, Roman, is the victory—
Roman, the wide world is thine—
In every clime the eagles fly,
And the gay squadron's length'ning line,
That flashes far and near,
It flouting banners, as in scorn, displays,
Trump answers trump, to war-horse war-horse neighs.

I sink forsaken here—
This rugged rock my empire, and this seat
Of solitude, my glory's last retreat !
Yet boast not thou,
Soldier, the laurels on thy victor brow,
They shall wither, and thy fate,
Leave thee, like me, despairing, desolate !

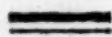
With haggard beard, and bleeding eyes,
The conqueror of Afric lies*—
Where now his glory's crested helm ?
Where now his marshall'd legions thronging bright,
His steeds, his trumpets, clanging to the fight,
That spread dismay through Persia's bleeding realm ?

Now see him poorly led,
Begging in age his scanty bread !
Proud victor, do our fates agree ?
Dost thou now REMEMBER ME—

* Alluding to the supposed miserable state of Belisarius in his old age.

Me, of every hope bereft ;
Me, to scorn and ruin left ?

So may despair thy last lone hours attend !—
That thou too, in thy turn, may'st know,
How doubly sharp the woe—
When from fortune's summit hurl'd,
We gaze around on all the world,
And find in all the world NO FRIEND !



VERSES*

Written, in consequence of the author's being reproached for not weeping
over the dead body of a female friend.



BY ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.



COLD drops the tear which blazons common woe :
What callous rock retains its chrystal rill ?
Ne'er will the soften'd mould its liquid show :
Deep sink the waters that are smooth and still !
Ah ! when sublimely agoniz'd I stood,
And Memory gave her beauteous frame a sigh :
While Feeling triumph'd in my heart's warm flood ;
Grief drank the offering ere it reach'd the eye !

* This little instance of refined sentiment has been translated into German, by Klopstock ; into Italian, by Count Savelli of Corfica, and into French, by Count Joseph Augustus De Maccarthy.

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Broad Grins ; by GEORGE COLMAN, (the younger ;) comprising, with New Additional Tales in Verse, those formerly published under the title of "My Night-Gown and Slippers."—Published in London, 1803.—In BOSTON, by Messrs. B. and J. Homans, and E. Larkin ; January 1st. 1804.

WHILE perusing these facetious tales, we were favoured with the following original communication by an English Gentleman, who has been long acquainted with their celebrated author. Its appearance in this place, we think, will be very acceptable to the readers of that pleasing little volume.

GEORGE COLMAN, the subject of this essay, is the son of George Colman, the celebrated author of the comedies of the *Clandestine Marriage* ; the *Jealous Wife* ; the *English Merchant*, translated from *Voltaire* ; the *Deuce is in him* ; *Man and Wife*, &c. The elder Colman was many years manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and died at the village of Brompton, near London, in a state of mental debility.

The younger Colman was initiated in the *Gradus ad Parnassum* at the University of Aberdeen, in Scotland, for which place he does not entertain the most dignified sentiments. In his comedy of the *POOR GENTLEMAN*, he has indulged his spleen against Scotland, at the expense of truth ; and in his character of the Hon. Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, he has made penury and pride the only sovereigns of her bosom.

The younger Colman, as a dramatist, is ranked highly in the present day. His earliest productions, although written somewhat loosely, indicated how considerably he would stand in the republic of the Drama, when his judgment was more ripened by experience and study. His gradations of excellence have kept pace with his years ; and it appears to the author of this memoir, that the older he grows, the better he writes. His last comedy of *JOHN BULL, or an Englishman's Fireside*, comprehends more wit and philanthropy, in the dialogue and incidents,

Vol. I. No. 2. M

than any other play, that has been produced for many years; and the public award has justified this idea, as it was not merely received with applause, but with enthusiasm. But in this, as well as in his drama of the *IRON CHEST*, he has been indebted for its basis and ground work to a contemporary, as the plot of *John Bull* is evidently borrowed from *Anthony Pasquin's* story of *Col. Bellingham and Tim Kelty*, in his life of *Edwin the Comedian*. This dramatist has been accused of plagiarisms, and the accusation is true; yet notwithstanding that, he is an author of brilliant and uncommon talents. He can enforce the best purposes of the heart, with an address, that is almost peculiar to himself, and infuses such a spirit of wit in his scenic personages, as renders his productions almost as pleasant to peruse, as to see represented.

This gentleman is the present Manager of the *HAYMARKET-THEATRE*, where he has established a company, who are entirely independent of the winter Theatres of that metropolis: yet he seldom produces a piece of his own, on his own ground, but prudently relies on the unprecedented strength of the existing comic company of *COVENT GARDEN THEATRE*, where our favourite *BERNARD* once flourished, and which can now proudly exhibit the names of *Kemble, Cooke, Munden, Fawcett, Emery, Blanchard, Incledon, Hill, Darley, C. Kemble, Farley, Rock*, and the matchless *Braham*. In their catalogue of ladies they possess a *Siddons, De Camp, Storace, Glover, Mattocks, H. Siddons, Davenport, &c.*; each being equal to her peculiar department, and forming, in the whole, a combination of histrionic excellence, that has perhaps never been surpassed.

Mr. Colman has recently published a volume of *Tales*, written in Pindaric verse, called *Broad Grins*, a part of which has been formerly published under the title of "*My Night-Gown and Slippers*." Among the additional tales, that of the *Knight and Friar* is taken from the ancient history of the Monasteries of England; printed in black letter, and is there recorded as a literal fact. Of the others, one is borrowed, and the *Elder Brother* appears to be newly invented; but they both, however, possess considerable merit.

These *TALES* are allowed by *European Critics* to abound with *broad and strong* humour. The author appears to have taken

the CRAZY TALES for his model, and has managed the subject with his wonted ingenious address. They who are afflicted with the *tedium vitæ*, should hold themselves indebted to Mr. Colman, for furnishing them with this volume, the perusal of which must excite risibility, and banish melancholy. On these considerations, we heartily recommend them to our friends and readers as active antidotes against the influence of the spleen.—We have often heard of the names Fielding, Sterne, Smollet, &c. mentioned with gratitude by *valetudinarians*, for the relief which a perusal of their works afforded them ; and we have reason for believing that these *Tales* will be no less effectual ;—and that he may be justly accounted a benefactor to mankind, who contributes to the diminution of their pains.

Elements of General Knowledge, Introductory to useful books in the principal branches of Literature and Science ; with lists of the most approved Authors. Designed chiefly for the Junior Students in the Universities, and the higher classes in Schools. By HENRY KETT, B. D. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.—London, 1802.

THE attention of the public has been so often solicited to books of this kind, and so often meagerly rewarded in their perusal, that we might justly consider ourselves unworthy of credit, should we recommend such works, without being deeply impressed with an idea of their superior merit. We are bold however in praising this publication, since we entertain no doubt of its value and importance. It manifests a clear and judicious method, extensive and accurate science, a correct and perspicuous style, together with a strong and lively mode of thinking. This passage from the author's preface, will give a better account of the work, than any we are able to offer.

“ The following work contains the substance of a course of lectures, which I have occasionally read to my pupils during the last twelve years. The satisfaction, which they expressed on hearing them, has encouraged me to hope, that they will not prove unacceptable to those, for whose use they are now made public.

“ To assert a claim to originality in such a work as this, would perhaps only be equivalent to a confession of its demerit. My pretensions to public regard must depend in no small degree upon the manner, in which I have clothed old ideas in a new dress, and upon my skill in compressing within a moderate compass the substance of large voluminous works. Upon all

my subjects I have endeavoured to reflect light from every quarter, which my reading would afford. My references, and the books mentioned in my appendix, will show the sources, from which I have derived my principal information : but it would be almost an endless, and perhaps a very ostentatious task, to enumerate all my literary obligations.

“ There are a few topics indeed, with respect to which I think I may be allowed to assert some claims to novelty. For many of my remarks on the Greek Language I am indebted principally to my own observations upon its nature and comparative merits. *The history of Chivalry*, important as the influence of that remarkable institution has been upon manners, is a subject, upon which I have been able to collect little information from English Authors ; and the history of the *revival of classical learning*, although a topic of the strongest interest to every man of letters, has never been fully treated by any writer, with whose works I am acquainted.

“ Many of my quotations are selected from such books, as, either from the number of the volumes, their scarceness, or expense, do not frequently come within the reach of young men. If some of them are borrowed from more obvious and popular works, their peculiar beauty, strength and appositeness, it is presumed, will justify their introduction. But elegant as my quotations may be in point of style, conclusive as to reasoning, or striking as to the impression they are calculated to make, they will not completely answer the intended purpose, if, while they raise a high opinion of the merit of their authors, they do not excite an eager curiosity to peruse more of their works.

“ If I should be fortunate enough to succeed in procuring for eminent writers any additional degree of regard ; if I should excite a more ardent and more active attention to any branches of useful knowledge ; and if the variety of my topics should contribute to diffuse more widely the light of general information and useful truth ; I shall have the satisfaction to reflect, that my time has not been sacrificed to a frivolous purpose, by thus endeavouring, in conformity with the occupations of the most valuable portion of my life, to instruct the rising generation.”

Our limits will not permit us to enter into a thorough investigation of the propriety or impropriety of the sentiments and doctrines, contained in this book : we will only mention, that we have scarcely ever followed a didactic writer through the varied fields of literature with more pleasure and approbation. We do not hesitate in declaring, that we think this work will prove an interesting manual to every *Student*, and that the perusal of it will by no means be unpleasant to the accomplished *literati*. We present to our readers these paragraphs, which close the chapter on eloquence.

"The eloquence of the moderns has rarely reached the standard of excellence, which was erected by the ancients. The character of each is widely different. In Greece, the public speaker was bold, impetuous and sublime. In Rome, he was more declamatory, verbose, flowery, and pathetic. Fenelon has thus ingeniously discriminated the eloquence of the two great orators of Greece and Rome. "After hearing an oration of Tully, 'how finely and eloquently has he expressed himself!' said the Romans. After Demosthenes had spoken, 'let us rise and march against Phillip,' said the Athenians." In England the public speaker is cool and temperate, and addresses himself more to the reason of his audience, than to their passions. There is still great scope for the display of genius in the pulpit, at the bar, and in the houses of parliament; and the path of fame is still left open to rising orators. The rules laid down by the ancients, as the principles involved in those rules are of general utility, may be studied to great advantage, although much judgment is necessary for their proper application; and attention must be paid to modern manners and to modern taste.

"Many distinguished examples of eloquence may be held up to the observation of the young orator; but he must avoid too close an imitation, even of the most eminent. Let him study the most esteemed works of his predecessors; let him frequently revolve, and even commit to memory, their productions, and repeat them with suitable voice and action: and let him rather in his own compositions endeavour to catch a portion of their spirit, than tread servilely in their steps. Demosthenes was vehement, abrupt, energetic and sublime. Cicero was dignified, luminous, and copious. Chatham united the energy of the one to the elegance of the other. Mansfield was persuasive, delightful, and instructive. Burke was flowery, vivid, and fluent. Let the orator study to combine in his compositions their united excellence. Let him not, to use the apposite and beautiful illustration of Quintilian, resemble the stream, that is carried through a channel, formed by art for its course; but rather let him be like those bold rivers, which overflow a whole valley; and where they do not find, can force a passage by their own natural impetuosity and strength."

We have not heard of the republication of this work in the UNITED STATES. If it has not yet been printed here, it is surely an object, that deserves the attention of OUR BOOKSELLERS.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

BY the death of J. Mackenzie, Esq. the publication of the Original Poems of Ossian is for the present suspended. To this gentleman Mr. Macpherson committed the original Celtic, from which he had translated or made up his English Ossian. A subscription,

amounting to a thousand pounds, for the purpose of publishing this original, was raised among the officers and others of the Highlands, in India, and remitted to Mr. Macpherson. His son and heir (who had himself made a large fortune in the capacity of British Agent, for ten or twelve years, at the Court of the Nizam,) Mr. Macpherson of Bailville in Invernessshire refuses or declines to give up the money so subscribed. An action has been instituted against him, for the purpose of compelling him to give up the thousand pounds, in the Court of Sessions in Scotland, by Sir John Murray, in whose hands the money was placed, and by whom it was remitted to the elder Mr. Macpherson. Mr. Mackenzie, whether trusting wholly to this fund, or actuated merely from motives of patriotism, and regard for the memory of his friend, had begun and made some progress in the printing of the original *Offian*, with the literal Latin Version. All expenses were defrayed by Mr. Mackenzie from his own funds. His death, of course, suspended the work; and whether it will ever be resumed, is thought a matter, that will depend on the issue of the suit, instituted by Sir John Murray against the son and heir of the *Offian* Mr. Macpherson.

THE celebrated KALKBRENNER, Member of the Philotechnic Society of Paris, the Royal Academy of Stockholm, and the Philoharmonic Academy of Bologna, has lately published a book entitled "*Histoire de la Musique*;" of which an English Critic gives the following account.

"This work is the production of a distinguished member of the Musical Conservatory. The author remarks, that since the death of the celebrated Ramau, *musical literature* has been greatly neglected in France, and that but few are at present acquainted either with the theory or the mathematical principles, on which the art is founded. According to him, all the productions of the eighteenth century consist entirely of compilations from those of the sixteenth and seventeenth.

"M. Kalkbrenner also presents the reader with a history of his art. In his account of the instrumental music of the Hebrews, he affirms that it was extremely imperfect, and supports his opinions by the testimony of Professor Pfeiffer, who has maintained

the same doctrine in a celebrated work written by him some time since. After this, he proceeds to examine the music of the Greeks; and although M. Burette has published a variety of learned and curious observations on the same subject, those, made by the author now before us are not destitute of interest. It is his design upon this occasion, to demonstrate that the music of the ancient Greeks had not attained a high degree of perfection; but he remarks, at the same time, that they have transmitted an infinite variety of precious inventions, on which the moderns have only improved. As for the Romans, we are told that every thing they knew, was borrowed from the Greeks, whom they imitated, but could not surpass, or even equal, more especially in the musical art.

“M. Kalkbrenner considers posterity as greatly indebted to St. Ambrose for having introduced a suitable manner of singing the praises of and adoring the Divinity, by the introduction of church-music; he also does justice to the science of Pope Gregory, who improved the art, and had studied the poets and musicians of Greece with uncommon care. He laments, that, anterior to the Reformation, music was entirely monopolized by the clergy, against whom he, on many occasions, exhibits the most implacable resentment, and he rejoices greatly to think, that the laity are now admitted to a participation in this elegant amusement.”

THE University of Copenhagen lately proposed the following question: “Whether it would be advantageous to the literature of the North to substitute the use of the mythology of the North to that of the Greek mythology.” Three memoirs on this subject have appeared, all very interesting, and worthy to be taken into consideration. That which has been adjudged the best, demonstrates the necessity of retaining the Greek mythology, as the most cultivated and the most ingenious; the two others give the preference to the mythology of the North, as more proper to produce *chef d'œuvres* than the other, which has already produced so many, and which seems to be exhausted.

A GREEK Poem has lately been published at Vienna, by Father AMBROSE POMPERY, consisting of 506 verses, which have the same meaning, when read either backwards or forwards.

ACADEMY OF ARTS.

THE New-York Academy of Arts is now open. The gentlemen, under whose liberal patronage the institution has been established, must be pleased to find, though but at present in its infancy, that it exhibits a stately and elegant collection of statuary and painting, at once useful and ornamental ; useful to the student, solicitous regularly to cultivate the fine arts, and ornamental to the city, which has given it birth.

It is surely in an infant country a very interesting exhibition, not only to artists, but to Americans at large.

In the rotunda of the Pantheon, the student may pass his hours in uninterrupted study, cultivating his taste by contemplating the most correct models of ancient sculpture. Institutions like this have, in the opinion of philosophers and statesmen, a tendency to soften and humanize the mind, and they have therefore made them the repository of materials, on which genius may exercise its powers to advantage, and without which, the strongest intellect may be fruitlessly and deviously employed. It is their opinion, that by studying these authentic models, that idea of excellence, which is the result of the accumulated experience of past ages, may at once be acquired. The student here receives at a single glance the correct principles, which many artists have spent their whole lives in ascertaining ; and satisfied with their effect, he is spared the painful investigation, by which they came to be known and fixed. In addition to the statues and busts, which at present adorn the Pantheon, will be shortly added correct copies of those works of art, which formerly adorned the Italian galleries.

THE indefatigable Dr. MORSE has again sent his AMERICAN GAZETTEER to the press of Messrs. *Thomas & Andrews* in Boston. This new edition of that highly important work, we hear, is much amended, and enriched with many additional descriptions. The total sale of the first edition, which was published in 1797, and which consisted of many thousand copies, requires no other comment on its value and general estimation.
